

## THE ANIMAL TEST

.i judge religions by whether they can  
answer the question  
what are animals

.jews christians moslems:  
passages where god  
'gives' animals to 'man;'  
we say 'dumb animals' or  
'animals have no feelings'  
to us perhaps sort of  
appliances

.the other religions where the nature  
of god is thought to be infused in all  
existing things in this case an animal  
is a 'scintilla' or mote of divine  
consciousness this also explains  
the human-like qualities of animals  
or godlike qualities of both

.i remember how kids in stroudsburg pa.  
would catch pond-turtles wrap them in foil  
put them live upside down in bar-b-q's

-- Cory Monaco

Bronx NY

## VICTORIAN TIMES

My wife says that she should have  
been born during Victorian times,  
that her sensibilities are out of  
sync with the sexual license and  
harsh realities of a decadent today.  
I remind her that she'd also have  
to give up the physical comforts  
of today -- television, dishwasher,  
toilets, garbage disposal, the list  
goes on for at least a megabyte.

She especially reminds me of her  
sensibilities when it's once again  
time to perform her conjugal duty,  
and if it were Victorian times  
I wouldn't pester her because my

mistress would be willing to satiate  
my animal urges.

The irony is that women friends tell  
me horror stories of endless hornyness  
and husbands flacidly snoring away  
the night. I yearn to help them, ease  
the edge off their 'blue clit' ache.

But my wife says that god is punishing  
us both -- she to be forever tormented  
by a horn-dog man to appease her  
Irish Catholic guilt and me forever  
cursed by a woman whose libido is  
lost in a time twat and whose lament  
can be heard in Garboesqueness late  
at night, "I vont to be alone."

She's only partially right. Another  
part of the Victorian woman loves to be  
endlessly pursued and caught and  
taken under protest. But we're both  
too Victorian to admit it.

#### THE ALL-PURPOSE STOMACH

Putting food into it is the least  
of its talents.

It's a comfort to the wife and kids.

A babysitter.

A lover.

The kids climb on its imposing mountainousness  
(while Dad sleeps on the couch) in one wild  
fling before bedtime.

The wife has so much more than love handles.

It's a steel-belted radial 500 that runs her  
over with love.

And food.

Dad tries but the stomach has its  
own garden now right in the backyard ...

zucchini, beans, carrots, pumpkins,  
and fresh strawberries, blueberries, etc.,  
all growing within the length of a colon ...

Dad resists, but home-baked breads, cakes,  
pies, season after season, a stomach for all  
seasons.

Dad says, "It's genetic -- my stomach runs in  
the family," or "I'm doing more exercises now  
so I'll firm it up soon."

But then hot, fat blueberry muffins and